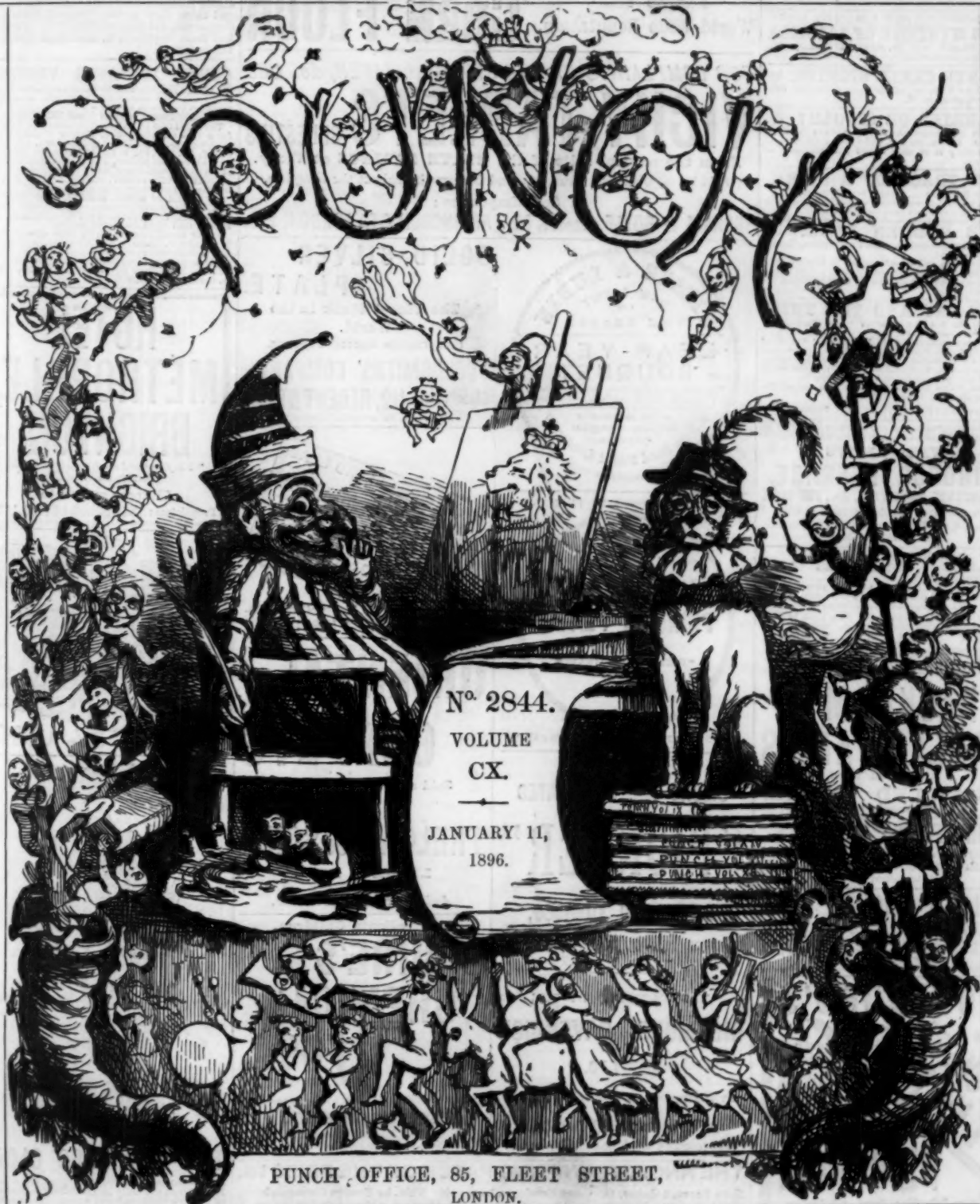


'PUNCH'
VOLUMES
NOW READY.

HALF-YEARLY Volume,
July to December, 1895, gilt edges. *Price 8s. 6d.*
YEARLY Volume for 1895,
bound in blue cloth, gilt edges. *Price 17s.*

COMPLETE SETS.
HALF-YEARLY Volumes (109), 8s. 6d. each.
YEARLY Volumes (55), £32 2s. 6d.
DOUBLE-YEARLY Volumes (27), £28 2s.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.



PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
LONDON.

PRICE THREE PENCE. Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

NOTICE.—Selected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, and will be at once destroyed, unless the Editor is notified to the contrary, and the Editor is not responsible for the loss of any such communications.

CHOCOLAT MENIER *For Breakfast*

CHATTO & WINDUS'S NEW NOVELS.

WHEN LEAVES WERE GREEN.

GREEN, the New Novel by **STUART MURDOCH**, Author of "A New Godiva," will be ready in 3 Vols., 12s. net, and at every Library, on January 19th.

DICK DONOVAN'S NEW DETECTIVE STORY, THE MYSTERY OF JAMAICA TERRACE.

will be ready on January 19th. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

MONTE CARLO STORIES, by **JOHN BARRATT**, will be ready on January 19th. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

MARRIED OR SINGLE? By **R. M. CROOK**, Author of "Diana Barrington," &c. 2 Vols., 12s. net, and at every Library.

"The story is at once bright and pleasant."—*SCOTSMAN*.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

By **OWEN HALL**. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. "The interest is well kept up, and the writing is thoroughly good."—*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*.

THE GOLDEN ROCK. By **ROBERT GRANTVILLE**. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"For variety and sensationalism in adventure it would be hard to beat this story. . . . No story, indeed, could well be cleverer or more exciting."—*ACADEMY*.

THE FAT AND THE THIN.

By **R. ZOLA**, Author of "The Downfall." Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. "We can recommend Mr. Zola's translation of 'Le Ventre de Paris' as a very satisfactory rendering of a remarkable book. Zola has never drawn a picture more pitilessly faithful to the lower side of our common humanity than this is. A drama which reads like a page torn out of the book of life itself."—*SCOTSMAN*.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W. Alphabetically arranged, and handsomely bound in red cloth gilt, gilt edges, crown 8vo, 80 pp., 10s. 6d.

WHITTAKER'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, &c., FOR 1896.

Revised to date. Including all Courtesy Titles. London, E.C.: WHITTAKER & Co., Publishers, and all Booksellers.

NOW READY. Price 4s. 6d. net. FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

Four hand-ome volumes, with over 500 full-page and text illustrations, cloth gilt extra. This work will charm all lovers of music.

NOW READY. Price 3s. 6d. New Book by the Author of "Timothy a Quaker," entitled THE VILLAGE WATCH TOWER.

London: GAY & BIRD, 23, Bedford Street, W.C.

PACKHAM'S TABLE WATERS

ARE MADE WITH **DISTILLED WATER.** Manufactured by **Cragdon**.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, COUG, and INDIGESTION. Sold throughout the World.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.

The lovely tresses "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ERINE**. Sold only by **W. WINTER**, 67, Oxford St., London. Price 1s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 25s. For lifting grey or faded Hair **ERINE** is invaluable.

HOVENDEN'S SWEET LAVENDER THE FAVOURITE ENGLISH PERFUME.

Always Refreshing, Sweet, and Lasting. PRICE—1s., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. per bottle. In consequence of imitations, please note that **HOVEN** is **GENUINE** UNLESS bearing our Name and Trade Mark on Label. TO BE HAD OF ALL PERFUMERS, CHEMISTS, &c. Wholesale, **H. HOVENDEN & SONS**, Runcorn St., W. & City Road, E.C., London.

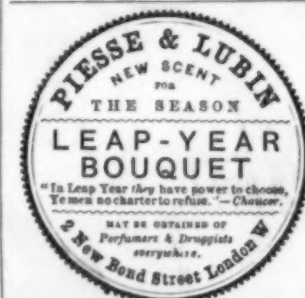
BROWN & POLSON'S
Has 35 Years' World-Wide Reputation. **CORN FLOUR**

FOR COMPLAINTS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER, &c., USE

VICHY TABLETS—CELESTINS

From the natural salts of the STATE SPRINGS at Vichy. Sold by all Chemists, Druggists, and Grocers throughout the Kingdom.

Sole Importers: **INGRAM & ROYLE, LIMITED, 52, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.**



SMOKE THE CELEBRATED "PIONEER" SWEETENED TOBACCO, KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **RICHMOND CAVENDISH Co., Ltd.** AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL. And retailed by all first-class tobacconists at home and abroad.

THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

NOTE PAPER, 5 Quires, 1s. Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100. Thin, for Foreign Correspondence, 5 Quires, 1s. Mourning Envelopes, 1s. 6d. per 100. Mourning Note, 5 Quires, 1s. 6d.

HIERATICA

Any difficulty in obtaining, send stamps to Hieratica Works, 66, Upper Thames Street, London. Samples free. Parcels Carriage Paid.

SOLID SILVER PLATE.

The Finest Stock in the World. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE. **GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, Show Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., W.** (ARRIVING STEREOGRAPHIC COMPANY.)



ORIENTAL CARPETS

Sold at Wholesale Prices BY

TRELOAR & SONS, LUDGATE HILL.

Ask for Price List.

For Delicate Children.

SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.

In Bottles, 2s., 3s. 6d., & 6s. each. AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, AND OF **SQUIRE & SONS, Her Majesty's Chemists, 413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.**

THIRTY-GUINEA TOURS TO PALESTINE, EGYPT, CONSTANTINOPLE, AND ATHENS, on the a.s. St. Sunniva, accompanied by Mr. Perowne. Lectures by Dr. Cunningham Grieve and others. Fare includes return ticket to Marseilles via Calais, and thirty days' cruise. Dates of departure, January 21, February 21, March 30. Particulars from Secretary, 5, Endelagh Gardens, London, N.W.

ORIENT COMPANY'S YACHTING CRUISES by the steamships LUSITANIA, 3,857 tons register, and GARONNE, 3,878 tons register, from London as under:—

WEST INDIA ISLANDS and BERMUDA. The LUSITANIA will leave London 15th January for a two months' cruise, visiting TENEKIPPE, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, ST. VINCENT, ST. LUCIA, MARTINIQUE, DOMINICA, JAMAICA, BERMUDA, and MADEIRA, arriving at Plymouth 15th March and London 17th March. For MOROCCO, SICILY, PALESTINE, and EGYPT, leaving 20th February, returning 17th April. For SOUTH OF SPAIN, GREECE, CONSTANTINOPLE, &c., leaving 1st March, returning 15th May. For SICILY, VENICE, CORFU, ALGERIA, &c., leaving 22nd April, returning 20th May. String band, electric light, high class cuisine. Managers: F. Green & Co. Anderson, Anderson & Co. Head Offices, Fenchurch Avenue. For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C., or to the West-End Branch Office, 15, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, BRIGHTON.

"The finest and most luxurious Seaside Hotel in the World." Charges moderate. Proprietors: **THE CORDON HOTELS, LTD.**



THE INVERNESS CLOAK

is the most recent fashionable change for a Lady's Loose Wrap, and made in **EDDERDIN** is perfection of comfort—light, soft and warm. The garment is made of moderate length, with considerable fulness of skirt. Patch pockets are made of the same material as the cloak, and the wings can be lined with silk or satin if so arranged. FURTHER SPECIALITIES—THREE-QUARTER CAPES, DRESSING-GOWNS and RUVS in **EDDERDIN**, ULSTER COATS and all kinds of WINTER WRAPS for GENTLEMEN. "Book of the Under," fully illustrated, and full set of Patterns, Post Free. All goods carriage-paid in the United Kingdom. **BOYD & CO., 11, Bridge St., BELFAST.**

CONGRATULATIONS FROM THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

To the President of the Royal Academy of Arts.

MY LORD.—On this auspicious Occasion I have the honour to offer my Congratulations. My Friend, Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, of whose Literary Attainments you have been informed by his Biographer, Mr. BOSWELL, would doubtless join me in my Felicitations to your Lordship, my successor, if he were not at present somewhat disturbed in mind by the Contemplation of the melancholy fact that his Dictionary is rapidly becoming obsolete. He passes many hours in lonely Meditation, murmuring to himself words of some barbarous Jargon, such as "bike," "slump," "jingo," and the like. This circumstance is the more to be regretted, since he has commended several of your Addresses, written in Language even more classic, more stately, and, perhaps, more beautiful than his own, and would, therefore, have felt assured that by your Lordship, in any case, his Dictionary is still consulted and admired. Mr. GOLDSMITH and Mr. GARRICK request me to convey their Good Wishes. I have the honour to be, Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HIGHWELLBORN BARON.—At this, at the highest, joyous Day send I my friendliest Happinesswisher. In the sixteenth Year le Baron, all my felicitations, and the assurance of my distinguished hundred lived I to London, as HENRY THE EIGHTH King was, and so sentiments.



learned I the english Speech. Now see we a german Kaiser who himself to paint endeavours. But what endeavours he not to do? Thunder-weather, all things! If he only like you to paint could! I have the honour yet again to congratulate you, Highwellborn Baron.

HANS HOLBEIN.

ILLUSTRISSIMO SIGNOR BARONE.—Not I have much studied the her language, but me permit to offer thousand happy auguries to Her, the first english painter who has become Baron.

I have the honour to say myself, of Your Excellency, the humblest and devotedest servant,

RAFFAELLO SANZIO.

MONSIEUR LE BARON.—I come to make to you my felicitations the most warm at the occasion of the Day of the year, the day when you have received a gift—une étreinte—of the most charming, the title which you merit so well. Since long time you have painted, as me, the nymphs and the shepherds, but th-yours are those of the old Greece, and the mine arthose of the court of the Great Monarch. But we have the same tastes and, if I may venture to say it, the same talent.

I beg you to agree, Monsieur le Baron, all my felicitations, and the assurance of my distinguished

ANTOINE WATTEAU.

THEN AND NOW.—A TERPSICHOOREAN CONTRAST.

[The Countess of ANCASTER deplores the bad manners of the dancing people of to-day.]

OLD STYLE.

Gentleman. May I have the exquisite delight of being your ladyship's humble cavalier in the coming country dance?

Lady. Oh, Sir, you are vastly polite, and I am overwhelmed by your request!

Gent. Do I then make too bold?

Lady. Oh, Sir, I would not have you misconstrue my words!

Gent. May I then reckon upon your treading the measure with your devoted servant?

Lady. I may not say you nay, Sir.

Gent. Madam, you are too condescending. I will not fail to claim your hand.

[Retires with court/sous humility.]

NEW STYLE.

Gentleman. Ah, Lady FLORENCE, got an entry left, or is your book full?

Lady (looking at card). Well—here's a quadrille running loose.

Gent. Oh, hang quadrilles! I'm not out for walking exercise.

Not on the square, twiggery vous?

Lady (laughing). You funny old cripple! Here's a polka I'm not sure about.

Gent. A polka. That's my form! We'll fire right into the brown of 'em, and have a glass of the boy afterwards, eh?

Lady. It's a bet.

Gent. Done. So long.

[Strolls off, humming a music-hall air.]

SOMETHING FOR HIM TO DO.

At this time of excitement, Mr. Punch drinks the new Laureate's health, and calls upon him for a song, *impromptu*, appropriate, and to be sung immediately. Anything patriotic he may have handy will do. The moment is critical, which is more than his enthusiastic audience will be, if he only pitches it in the right key. But Lord SALISBURY, who has made the piper, has a right to call the tune. By the way, according to a note in *The Westminster*, the new Laureate is entitled to receive, all in a lump, the salary due for the three past years during which time the office has been vacant. So the first thing ALFRED, monarch of minor poets, will have to do is, not to sing, but

to "draw." Hooray! for SALISBURY and Salary! Quite a Sunday-best-and-Top-Hat-ford Day! Tune up! Twang the lyre! What rhymes to "Pretoria" if not "Victoria"? But rather less easy to get something neat to rhyme with "Venezuela," eh? Still, within the reach of practical poetry and the *petit maître*.

A CASE IN COURT REHEARD.

ALL Abroad finds itself "quite at home" at the Court Theatre. Mr. WILLIE EDOUIN very funny, with his singing and dancing, and with his phonographic business. Miss MAY EDOUIN is a charming ingénue, delighting the jury of the Court with a very pretty song, "Two Sweet Little Love Birds." Elle ira loin. Mr. SCGDEN appears as a witness to "character": capital. Mr. FRED KATE is as eccentric as ever, and Mr. DAVID JAMES acting, dancing, and singing, follows in the footsteps of his father, especially in the dancing. Miss GRACE PALOTTA makes a hit with the song of "The Business Girl." Altogether the amusing evening's entertainment has not suffered in its transit across London from the Criterion—where it gained a favourable verdict at the bar of public opinion—to the Court, where, it having been already "part heard," it is being tried over again, until further notice, before new judges and juries, who have to pronounce upon several new songs, of which not a few are encored, and before whom is brought a mass of new evidence not produced at the previous trial. The verdict ought to be Success; and, at all events, the members of Miss Cissy GRAHAM's Company at Manager CRUDDLEIGH's theatre "have the Court with them."



MOTTO, AT PRESENT, FOR SOUTH AFRICAN DIFFICULTY.—"Post 'CHAMBERLAIN' sedet atra cura."

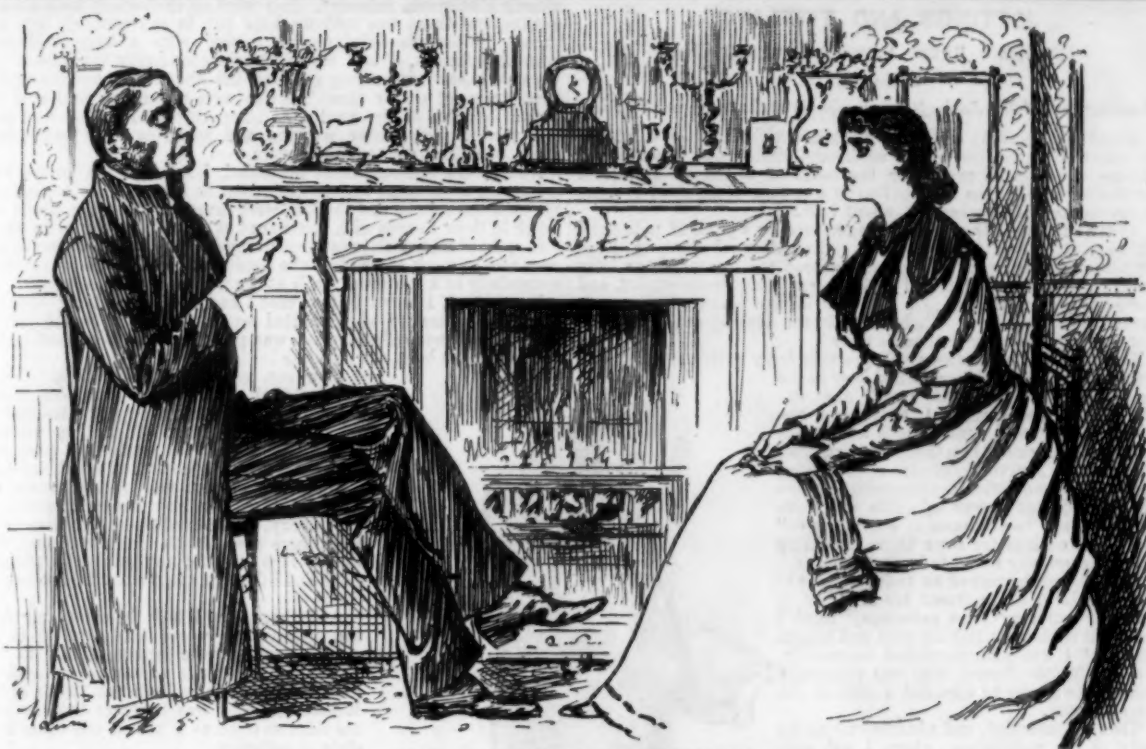


ALFRED THE LITTLE.

Sir Edwin Arnold (bitterly). "'FORTUNATE!' HA! HA!"

Sir Lewis Morris (moodily). "'ENGLAND'S DARLING!' HE! HE!"

"The QUEEN has been pleased to appoint ALFRED AUSTIN, Esq., to be Poet Laureate to Her Majesty."—*Daily Papers*, January 1, 1896.



OUR OVERWORKED BISHOPS.

The Rector's Wife. "HAVE YOU HEARD FROM THE BISHOP, DEAR, ABOUT THE ALTERATIONS YOU PROPOSED TO MAKE IN THE SERVICES?"

The Rector. "YES; I HAVE JUST GOT A POSTCARD FROM HIS LITTLE BOY. THIS IS IT:—

'THE PALACE, BARCHESTER.—PAPA SAYS YOU MUSTN'T.'"

NEW YEAR'S DAY

(On Parnassus).—

OR, THE APOTHEOSIS OF ALFRED THE LITTLE.

Alfred the Little tunes up on his new Official Harp to an old air of Alfred the Great's:—

You must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren dear,
For to-morrow I'll be the happiest bard of all this glad New Year;
My glad Muse chimes, not "vapid rhymes," but the maddest,
morriest lay,
For I am QUEEN'S Poet to-day, brethren, I am Court Minstrel
to-day!

There's many a gushing muse, men say, but none can gush like
mine;

There's ARNOLD and there's MORRIS, both can lip the laureate line:
But none so well as Little ALFRED in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Poet Laureate, brethren, all upon New Year's Day!

I'll now sleep sound o' nights, from dreadful dreams no more I'll
wake,

That ALGERNON OR WILLIAM they will Poet Laureate make.

But I must gather flowery tropes and flatteries fine and gay,
For I'm ALFRED THE GREAT'S successor, brethren, dating from New
Year's Day!

As I came down the street called Fleet, whom think ye I should see,
But EDWIN, bland and Japanesque, bard of the *Daily T.*?
He thought his chance was good, brethren, lord of the Orient lay,
But I've whipped him on New Year's Day, brethren, done him on
New Year's Day.

He looked pale as a ghost, brethren, exceeding weird and white,
For the singer of "The Season" now had dimmed his Asian Light.
They say I'm a Party pick, brethren, but I care not what they say,
For I'm crowned upon New Year's Day, brethren, laurelled on New
Year's Day!

They say that limpid LEWIS is as mad as mad can be;
They say young ERIC is making moan—what is that to me?

There's many a better bard than I, or so sour critics say,
But little ALFRED has taken the oake, all upon New Year's Day.

Little ALFRED has licked them all, as shall right soon be seen,
The loyalist lyrist of all the lot to his Country and his Queen.
I've out-sonnetted WILLY WATSON in my Tory-patriot way,
So I've passed dear WILL up the "Sacred Hill," all upon New
Year's Day!

For WILLY, with wild and whirling words, had pitched into the
Powers,
And invoked the name of the old recluse who at Harwarden groans
and glowers;

For he's got a bee in his bonnet about the woes of Ar-me-ni-a;
So I look down on him from Parnassian peaks, all upon New Year's
Day!

Yes, I am "Fortunatus," brethren, and "England's Darling"!—
Hum!

This harp is big, and wide in stretch, and needs long arms to thrum.
But if I stand a-tiptoe I shall manage it, I dare say,
And I'm Poet Laureate, anyhow, all upon New Year's Day!

I wonder now if ALFRED THE GREAT—and gruff—with joy would
thrill

If he saw me twanging the Laureate lyre on the Parnassian Hill?
He once was a leetle rude to me when on him I had said my say,
Like LYTTON to him; but I'm Laureate now, all upon New Year's
Day!

So you must take and call me Laureate, Poet Laureate, brethren
dear,
And I'm sure that EDWIN, and LEWIS, and WILLIAM will wish me
a Happy New Year.

"My Satire and its Censors" have not stood in my upward way;
"Ambition ended" I'm Laureate—at last—upon New Year's
Day!!!

AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Foreign Committee of the American
House of Representatives having reported in favour of Mr. BAYARD,
he is now, like his prototype, *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*.

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BADOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. II.

Some account of Mr. Jabberjee's experiences at the Westminster Play.

BEING forearmed by editorial beneficence with ticket of admission to theatrical entertainment by adolescent students at Westminster College, I presented myself on the scene of acting in a state of liveliest and frolicsome anticipation on a certain Wednesday evening in the month of December last, about 7.20 P.M.

At the summit of the stairs I was received by a posse of polite and stalwart striplings in white kids, who, after abstracting large circular orifice from my credentials, ordered me to ascend to a lofty gallery, where, on arriving, I found every chair pre-occupied, and moreover was restricted to a prospect of the backs of numerous juvenile heads, while expected to remain the livelong evening on the tiptoe of expectation and Shank's mare!

This for a while I endured submissively from native timidity and retirement, until my bosom boiled over at the sense of "*Cicis Romanus sum*," and, descending to the barrier, I harangued the wicket-keeper with great length and fervid eloquence, informing him that I was graduate of high-class Native University after passing most tedious and difficult exams with fugitive colours, and that it was injurious and deleterious to my "*mens sana in corpore sano*," to remain on legs for some hours beholding what I practically found to be invisible.

But, though he turned an indulgent ear to my quandary, he professed his inability to help me over my "*pons asinorum*," until I ventured to play the ticklish card and inform him that I was a distinguished representative of Hon'ble Punch, who was paternally anxious for me to be awarded a seat on the lap of luxury.

Then he unbended, and admitted me to the body of the auditorium, where I was conducted to a coign of vantage in near proximity to members of the fair sex and galaxy of beauty.

Thus, by dint of nude gumption, I was in the bed of clover and seventh heaven, and more so when, on inquiry from a bystander, I understood that the performance was taken from Mr. TERRISS's Adelphi Theatre, which I had heard was conspicuous for excellence in fierce combats, blood-curdling duels, and scenes in court. And I narrated to him how I too, when a callow and unfledged hobbardyy-hoy, had engaged in theatrical entertainments, and played such parts in native dramas as heroic giant-killers and tiger slayers, in which I was an "*au fait*" and "*facile princeps*," also in select scenes from SHAKESPEARE's play of *Macbeth* in English and being correctly attired as a Scotch.

But presently I discovered that the play was quite another sort of Adelphi, being a jocosse comedy by a notorious ancient author of the name of TERENCE, and written entirely in Latin, which a contiguous damsel expressed a fear lest she should find it incomprehensible and obscure. I hastened to reassure her by explaining that, having been turned out as a certificated B.A. by Indian College, I had acquired perfect familiarity and nodding acquaintance with the early Roman and Latin tongues, and offering my services as interpreter of "*quicquid agunt homines*," and the entire "*farrago libelli*," which rendered her red as a turkeycock with delight and gratitude. When the performance commenced with a scenic representation of the Roman Acropolis, and a venerable elderly man soliloquising lengthily to himself, and then carrying on a protracted logomachy with another greybeard—although I understood sundry colloquial idioms and phrases such as "*uxorem duxit*," "*carum mihi*," "*quid agis*?" "*cur amat*?" and the like, all of which I assiduously translated *vis* *voce*—I could not succeed in learning the reason why they were having such a snip-snap, until the interval, when the lady informed me herself that it was because one of them had carried off a nautch-girl belonging to the other's son—which caused me to marvel greatly at her erudition.

I looked that, in the next portion of the performance, I might behold the nautch-girl, and witness her forcible rescue—or at least some saltatory exhibition; but, alack! she remained *sotto voce* and hermetically sealed; and though other characters, in addition to the

elderly gentlemen, appeared, they were all exclusively masculine in gender, and there was nothing done but to converse by twos and threes. When the third portion opened with a long-desiderated peep of petticoats, I told my neighbour confidently that now at last we were to see this dancing girl and the abduction; but she replied that it was not so, for these females were merely the mother of the wife of another of the youths and her attendant ayah. And even this precious pair, after weeping and wringing their hands for a while, vanished, not to appear again.

Now as the entertainment proceeded, I fell into the dumps with increasing abashment and mortification to see everyone around me, ay, even the women and the tenderest juveniles! clap the hands and laugh in their sleeves with merriment at quirks and gleeks in which—in spite of all my classical proficiency—I could not discover *le mot pour rire* or crack so much as the cream of a jest, but must sit there melancholy as a gib cat or smile at the wrong end of the mouth.

For, indeed, I began to fear that I had been fobbed off with the smattered education of a painted sepulchre, that I should fail so dolorously to comprehend what was plain as a turnpike-staff to the veriest British babe and suckling!

However, on observing more closely, I discovered that most of the grown-up adults present had books containing the translation of all the witticisms, which they secretly perused, and that the feminality were also provided with pink leaflets on which the dark outline of the plot was perspicuously inscribed. Moreover, on casting my eyes up to the gallery, I perceived that there were overseers there armed with long canes, and that the small youths did not indulge in plaudations and hilarity except when threatened by these.

And thereupon I took heart, seeing that the proceedings were clearly veiled in an obsolete and cryptic language, and it was simply matter of rite and custom to applaud at fixed intervals, so I did at Rome as the Romans did, and was laughter holding both his sides as often as I beheld the canes in a state of agitation.

I am not unaware that it is to bring a coal from Newcastle to pronounce any critical opinion upon the ludicrous qualities of so antiquated a comedy as this, but, while I am wishful to make every allowance for its having been composed in a period of prehistoric barbarity, I would still hazard the criticism that it does not excite the simpering guffaw with the frequency of such modern standard works as, *exempli gratia*, *Miss Brown*, or *The Aunt of Charley*, to either of which I would award the palm for pure whimsicality and gawkiness.

Candour compels me to admit, however, that the conclusion of the Adelphi, in which a certain magician summoned a black-robed, steep-hatted demon from the nether world, who, after commanding a minion to give a pickle-back to sundry grotesque personages, did castigate their ulterior portions severely with a large switch, was a striking amelioration and betterment upon the preceding scenes, and evinced that

TERENCE possessed no deficiency of up-to-date facetiousness and genuine humour; though I could not but reflect—"O, si sic omnia!" and lament that he should have hidden his *vis comica* for so long under the stifling disguise of a *serviette*.

I am a beggar at describing the hurly-burly and most admired disorder amidst which I performed the descent of the staircase in a savage perspiration, my elbows and heels unmercifully jostled by a dense, unruly horde, and going with nose in pocket, from trepidation due to national cowardice, while the seething mob clamoured and contended for overcoats and hats around very exiguous aperture, through which bewildered custodians handed out bundles of sticks and umbrellas, in vain hope to appease such impatience. Nor did I succeed to the recovery of my hat and paraphernalia until after twenty-four and a half minutes (Greenwich time), and with the labours of Hercules for the golden fleece!

For which I was minded at first to address a sharp remonstrance and claim for indemnity to some pundit in authority; but perceiving that by such fishing in troubled waters I was the gainer of a golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose, I decided to accept the olive branch and bury the bone of contention.



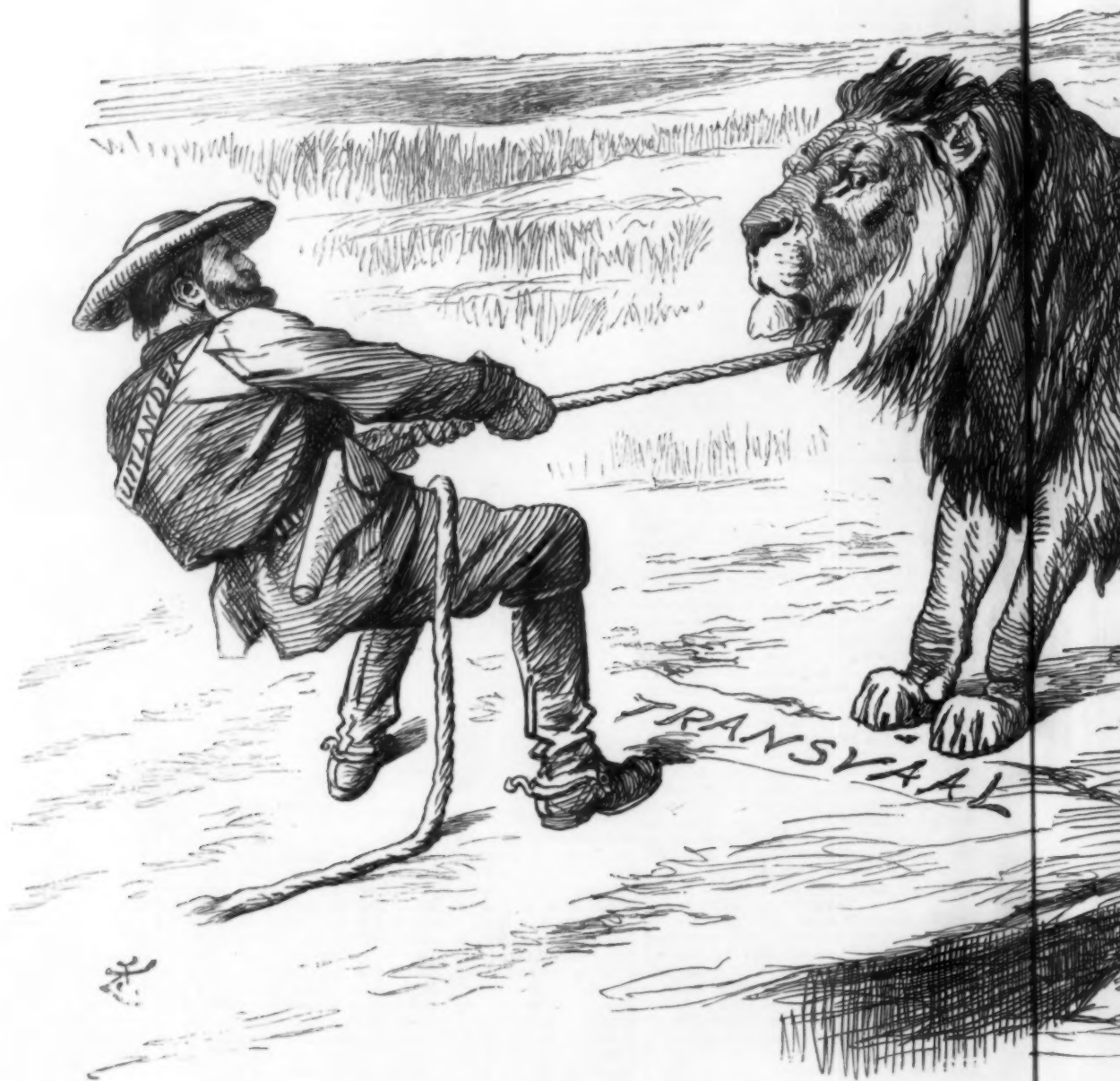
"A golden-headed umbrella, fresh as a rose."

MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO LADIES IN LEAP YEAR.—Look before.



THE END

1911



THE TUG OF

(UITLANDER V. CH-M)



OF WAR.

(W. CH-MB-RL-N.)



THE
I SH
AND

SC

I
the
my
wh
com
Fi

An
sh

in
I

se
se
Bu
ta
So
ha
an
In

w
E
m
o
n
h
a



HIGH LOVE BELOW STAIRS.

The Venus of the Servants' Hall. "MR GETTING FOND OF RICHARD? I SHOULD THINK I WAS! WHY, HE'S ONLY GOT TO LOOK AT ME, AND I TREMBLE ALL OVER LIKE AN ASPEN JELLY!"

THE PEERS IN THE BACKGROUND.

(A Dramatic Fragment, improbable and all but impossible.)

SCENE—Studio of Illustrious Painter. The easel is occupied by a sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.

Illustrious Painter (consulting watch). Dear me! The time for the first arrival. Not a bad notion of mine to paint the portraits of my colleagues for one of the corridors. It may take some time, but when the work is done—well—it will, at any rate, not shrink from comparison with the Diploma Gallery. (Knock.) Come in. (Enter First Peer.) Ah, my dear Viscount, glad to see you.

First Peer (returning salutation heartily). Thank you, so much. And now, as I have a great deal to do in Pall Mall, I am afraid I shall not be able to give you much time for a sitting.

Illus. Paint. I don't want you to sit at all. I propose roughing in the background to-day. What would you like for yours? Battle, I suppose?

First Peer. You are most kind. But if I might suggest, that is scarcely my *spécialité*. Of course, I have seen a fair amount of service, and all that sort of thing will be represented by my medals. But my real line is literature. I would propose that I should be taken in my library, putting the finishing touches to the proofs of the *Soldier's Pocket Book*. And now, my dear Lord, I must be off, as I have to see to all our little affairs—existent and pending—in Africa and America. But first of all I have to overhaul the working of the Islington Military Tournament. [Exit.]

Illus. Paint. (making an entry in his Note-book). As a bookman! well, he is the author of his own fortunes. (Enter Second Peer.) Bon jour, my dear Chancellor. I do not think we ought to have much trouble about your background. If you are painted in front of the robing-room—

Second Peer (promptly). I shall be disgusted. I am prouder of my swordsmanship than anything else. So make me lunging (not lurching)—ha! ha! excuse the *plaisanterie*—in a School of Arms, and I shall be more than satisfied.

[Exit, as batch of Peers—numbers up to 20—enter.]

Third Peer. We have come, my dear colleague, to say that we shall be most pleased to help in the work. Peers' Gallery! Splendid notion!

Illus. Paint. What are to be the backgrounds?

Fourth Peer. Well, we have consulted together, and have thought of a novelty. As we attend the sittings, on the average, about once in five years, we fancied that perhaps if you placed us in the House itself it would be original and striking.

Illus. Paint. (after consideration). Yes. And then some of you might be in robes; presumably, you know, having put in an appearance on some State occasion.

Fifth Peer. First rate! What a clever fellow you are!

Illus. Paint. (showing them out). Thank you very much. And now I think I may— (Enter Twenty-first Peer) Ah, my dear friend! Delighted to see you, as your creation chimes in with the date of my own. Not many years' difference between them. Your background, I suppose, should be the manufactory—

Twenty-first Peer (interrupting). Not at all! That kind of thing would be distinctly misleading. Of course I don't like to dictate, but as you have been so kind as to ask for a suggestion, I would propose that you should paint me looking at one of my ancestors assisting to win the Battle of Hastings. You must know that, without bothering at the Herald's College, I have every reason to believe that one Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBINSONNE was—

Illus. Paint. Quite so! I will turn it over in my mind.

Twenty-first Peer. And (if I might venture upon a hint), if you could make Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBINSONNE a bit like me, I should be more than delighted. You know a family likeness may be traced for generations, and dear old Sir SMYTHE DE BROWNE DE ROBINSONNE was—

Illus. Paint. Yes, yes, I know all about that.

Twenty-first Peer. I am more than grateful. Not that I care about it myself, but my wife— You know ladies are different from men.

Illus. Paint. (dryly). No doubt. (Courteously shows Twenty-first Peer the door.) And now to get upon safer ground than the Battle of Hastings and those who took part in it.

[Scene closes in upon the Illustrious Painter returning to his sketch of a classical subject—an idea from the Greek.]

ROSEBERY'S RESERVE.

(See his late two Letters.)

To you, dear friends, I am much beholden,

(Why can't you let me alone, though?)

Speech is silver if silence is golden.

(The latter must be my own, though.)

I'm bursting, but I must not speak!

(Except to say that I must not.)

The SULTAN's wicked, the Powers are weak!

(Do you want me to say so? I trust not.)

I'm haunted by the Armenian news,

I have no trust in SOLLY.

(To SAY so, in public, I must refuse,

I am quite above such folly.)

That insulting SULTAN makes England his mock;

He was always given to that form!

(But I greatly fear I should greatly shock

If I told you so—from a platform!)

I, of course, can write what I cannot say,

(And you can publish the letter.)

But I must be silent! (You'll And some way

To voice your Mute, which were better!)

I rage, I burn, and the wrath I feel

My letters no doubt discover!

I mustn't speak to the Man at the Wheel!

(But I hope you'll—chuck him over!)

MARVELLOUS AND SUDDEN CURE!—Mr. CH-MR-RI-N was unwell. He took a dose of "Rhodesia." Salutory effect instantaneous! It is not improbable, however, that this treatment will have to be continued.

OLD FRIENDS.—It is said that in event of war between England and Venezuela, 100,000 Brazilians will join the latter country. Of course, for have not Brazil nuts always been associated with Caracac?

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!—Mr. HALL CAINE has brought back a draft Act on Canadian Copyright. An open cheque on Canadian publishers would have been more acceptable to British authors.

A LONG-VEEED QUESTION SETTLED.—In view of Lord SALISBURY's appointment as Lord Warden, Walmer will of course become *de facto* Premier Port. The ether towns may now sink their differences.

"MRS. STIRLING."

(THE LATE LADY GREGORY.)

ONE more star of Stagedom gone! Peerless, bright *Peg Woffington*, Matchless *Mariha*, perfect *Nurse*, Speaker witty, quaint, and terse! High Comedy and humorous grace Spoke in that most speaking face. Who forgets those sparkling graces Oft displayed in *Masks and Faces*?

Age-unwithered, and still dear, Passing with the passing year, She has left the Comic Stage Duller both for youth and age.

PAGE FROM EUROPA'S DIARY.

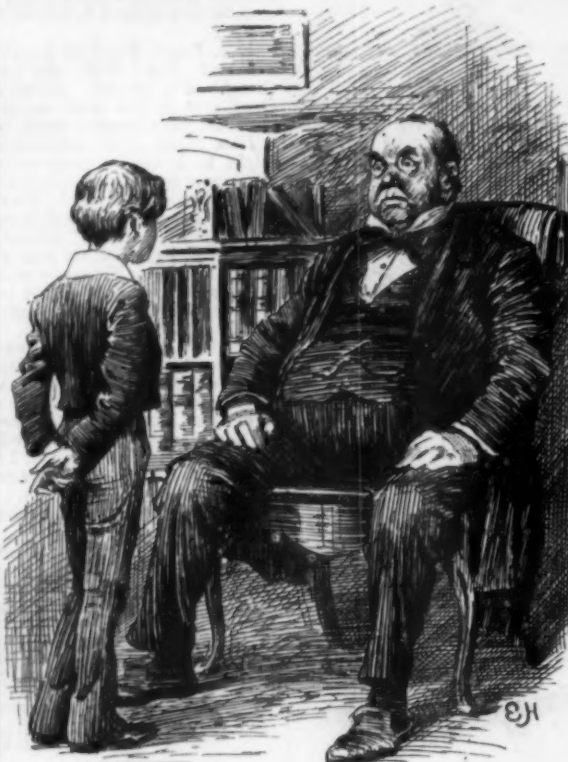
Sunday.—Calm of the most absolute character. Pulpit subjects of a purely perfunctory nature. Expected immediate appearance of the Millennium.

Monday.—Continuation of the peace. The silence of harmony unbroken. Monarchs of all sorts live in charity with all men, and, in their dreams, exist only in Arcadia.

Tuesday.—Tranquillity maintained. Ambassadors sleep, and Parliaments adjourn for want of work. Nothing stirring but stagnation.

Wednesday.—Political barometer at "Set Fair." A storm anywhere impossible. The lion has laid down with the lamb. The contents bills of the papers have to fall back upon tricky headlines to sell a copy of the periodicals they represent. Public consequently sold as well.

Thursday.—The world fast asleep. Dicky birds the only disturbers of the ubiquitous peace.



A HOME TRUTH.

Irate Stepfather. "I CAN'T THINK WHERE YOU LEARN SUCH MANNERS. YOU DON'T SEE ME SLIDING DOWN THE BALUSTERS AND TURNING SOMERSAULTS IN THE HALL!"

Friday.—Not a ripple anywhere. Blue sky on view in every land of the universe. Triumph of the dove and the olive branch.

Saturday.—Sudden outbreak! Row everywhere! National struggles the order of the day! Fire and the sword take precedence in every civilized and uncivilized community! Expected immediate approach of Pandemonium!

CRY OF THE INCOME-TAX'D.

"It ought to be a fundamental principle of the next Budget to reduce the income-tax by at least a penny."—*The "Times"* on "The Surplus."

THAT policy were "penny-wise" Indeed, but not "pound-foolish."

Let's hope that unto our loud ories

HICKS-BEACH will not prove mulish.

My cry to him is (like the *Pie-man's*)

"Please give me a penny!"

May his be not (like *Simple Simon's*),

"I have not got any!"

PAX.—There is now prospect of peace and quiet in one place, at all events, and that is immediately at Osborne and at the Court generally, for Dean FARREAR has "replaced the Rev. ROWE JOLLEY as Deputy Clerk of the Closet in Waiting." So in that locality there is temporarily no more to be heard of a Jolley Rowe.

QUOTATION ADAPTED BY MR. CH-MB-BL-N.—"Bore's" et "Pretoria" nihil!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

THE LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

SUBMITTING to the fate of all things bright and fair, the shooting season of '95-'96 is drawing to an end, lamented by all who love good sport and big bags. The combination is a common one in these days, when even keepers are beginning to understand that those who shoot care less for a slaughter of easy birds than for a chance of exercising their skill in pulling down tall birds from the region of clouds. It may safely be asserted that all the big bags of pheasants are made by guns placed well back from the coverts where the birds are likely to be high up in the air by the time they are shot at. The shooting is made difficult, greater skill is necessary on the part of the shooter, and the bird shot at has a greater chance naturally of saving its life.

THERE would seem to be self-evident propositions; but I gather from the ingenious and accomplished "RAPHER'S" notes in the January number of the *Badminton Magazine*, that there are still "papers of a certain class" in which one may read "sarcastic comments on the making of big bags of pheasants. The writers calculate how many birds are killed per minute, and after a little indulgence in statistics, wind up with a sneer at the 'sport'—in inverted commas." I have in my time read such comments, but not very lately. However, I must take "RAPHER'S" word for it that there still exist journalists sufficiently abandoned to make them, though I do not suppose even the most sarcastic of them would refuse to eat a pheasant which had been beaten over a distant line of guns, or would prefer to let a bird shot either by a "bone-scatterer" at the very edge of the covert, or by an old-fashioned "walker-up" within a few feet of the muzzle of his gun.

A KEEPER's one object is to make the biggest bag he can. If the arrangement of the shoot is left to him—*quod di avertant*—he will place his guns as near as possible to the edge of the covert, so that they may smash the birds while they are still flying slow and low. This to a true sportsman, even if he is not a shot of the class of Lord

DE GREY or Lord WALSHINGHAM, is detestable. He would rather shoot at, even if he misses, one high bird flying strong, than blow ten easy ones to pieces. Therefore in a properly managed shoot the guns are placed well away, although often the keeper looks gloomy, and confides to his intimates that he doesn't see the use of having taken "a peck o' trouble if they birds aint to be shot where, as you may say, a gun can shoot 'em."

BUT putting all that aside, what a glorious season this has been in nearly every part of the country. From all sides you hear the same story of fine, strong, hearty birds, and plenty of them. I do not claim for pheasant-shooting the virtues of an athletic exercise, but it does require in the highest degree coolness, resource, precision and self-control—qualities that are not without their value in other and more important pursuits. Nor is his endurance to be despised who stands and waits in a cool and nipping wind, or in storm of rain such as the variations of our climate often send down upon our heads. Then it is, if you wear a mere cloth cap, that you envy the shooter whose hat has a brim to guard his neck; for first with a casual trickle, and then with a steady, relentless flow, the frosty water makes its way from the back of your head, down between your neck and your collar, and down, ever down along the channel of your spine. Ugh! the mere remembrance is enough to give you the influenza.

AND now the time of the last shoot has come or is coming. Once more, and for the last time, the array of beaters is summoned. There they all are, those stolid, autochthonous British labourers, differing not so much in expression as in the signs of age; imperturbable, slow, and as impervious to thorn-bushes as they are to the voice of the keeper when he bids them keep the line, or come up faster on the one side or the other. But watch these same beaters when a rabbit appears in their midst, especially after lunch has made their mood merry, and you will see a wonderful change. Not otherwise does a maiden, shy with the reserve of her first season, enter a ball-room. Heedlessly her eyes travel round the room, till, on a sudden, lo they light upon young ALGERNON, the pride of Her



Friend. "HULLO, OLD CHAP! WHAT ON EARTH—"

Brute of a Husband (who has been to see "Trilby"). "SH!" (Sotto voce.) "IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M JUST TRYING TO 'SUGGEST' TO

THE MISSIS—HYPNOTICALLY—THAT IT'S TIME FOR HER TO GO TO BED, AND FOR ME TO GO TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL! 'SH!'—
SHE'S JUST 'OFF'!" [Chuckles.]

Majesty's Horse Guards Blue; young ALGERNON, than whom none ties with more skill the butterfly tie, none with more splendour wears the pointed pump, none drops his final g with a more careless certainty. She, looking upon him and seeing him advancing, feels the happy blush mantle her virgin cheeks, her eyes sparkle, her being becomes animated, and with ready favour she grants him the desired pleasure of a dance. So a beater having perceived a soft-furred rabbit in the underwood, his eyes flash fire, impetuously he moves his heavy legs now hither now thither, loud exclamations burst from his lips, his stick flies hurtling through the air, and the whole line rends the skies with joyous shouting. But afar off, and unharmed, the timorous rabbit seeks refuge, threading with swift feet the tracts that lie behind the beaters.

ALL hens, of course, are to be spared during the last shoot. And it is aggravating to notice that the hen, ignorant of the edict that saves her life, rises with just as great a fluster as if she was to be shot at. And towards evening as the shadows fall, and distinction becomes difficult, the poor hen does often get shot and pays the penalty of her rashness. But hark! what shout is that? "Woodcock forward, woodcock to the right, woodcock to the left. Mark, mark." Every voice in the covert and out of it seems to take up the cry. Are there a hundred woodcocks in the air. An electric shock seems to go through every shooter. Bang, bang, there he is; bang, bang, mark to the left; bang, bang, forwards, backwards, sideways, everywhere guns are going off, while the woodcock zig-zags through the trees and out into the open till he falls a victim to the youngest of the party, whose hat henceforth wears the trophy of the bird's feathers.

AND so good-bye to the great season and to all its memories of sport and good fellowship and happy days. The 1st of February will see its departure, but I bid it farewell to-day.

COMPANION TO "THE LATE MR. CASTELLO."—The Early M. CHATEAU.

TERPSICHOIRE TO DATE.

(The "Sitting Waltz" is stated to be the latest American novelty.)

THE *Valse à Siège* is an interesting development, which has been recently introduced for the benefit of engaged couples, flirts, hussars, gentlemen with wooden legs, sufferers from "housemaid's knee," and other persons who are averse to dancing exercise.

No floor to speak of is required, as it is only used in extreme cases for sitting on, when the stairs, window-sills, *fautouils à deux*, and banisters are all occupied. Even then it is considered somewhat vulgar, and suggestive of hunt-the-slipper. It is better, if every available seat is taken, to stand the waltz out.

Very little preliminary training is necessary, though possibly a visit to Hampstead Heath on a fine Bank Holiday might supply a few useful hints on deportment.

The movements are quite simple. The partners engage themselves in the ordinary way. The gentleman then conducts the lady to a suitable seat. This, of course, should accommodate two, and two only, and need not be aggressively public. In fact, if the ball-room is all conservatory, so much the better. He next passes his right arm round his partner's waist, and clasps her right hand with his left. Her left hand rests fondly on his shoulder, and they are now ready to keep time with the music.

At the first beat the lady puts out her left foot with a dainty and coquettish but almost imperceptible *glissade*, and the gentleman ever so slightly touches it with his own.

Second beat. The lady turns her head towards her partner, the gentleman simultaneously gazes yearningly into her left eye.

Third beat. *Balances*, and set to corners. The couple thus *chassent* in the same direction without leaving their seat, swaying gently backwards and forwards in three-quarter time.

The decorations should consist largely of mistletoe and kissing comfits (whatever they may be).

And, lastly, the new waltz is as old as the hills, and was danced before ball-rooms or Terpsichore were heard of.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

An elegant show! a splendid spectacle! a graceful grouping! Fun, Fancy, and Frolic! Such is the summary of the Annual Pantomime provided for us all, young and old, by Master DRURIOLANUS, *semper cirens nunquam eviridis*, Grand Master of Christmas Revels and Popular Pantomime. With him attendant sprites CECIL RALPH and ARTHUR STURGEON, with stage-manager COLLINS, and J. M. GLOVER, Master of the Music to DRURIOLANUS IMPERATOR. Just take the programme and read the names of all the Pucks and Pixies obeying the magician's word. Six artistic elves do the scenery, who, together with the two principal costumières, might be sung in two hexameter lines by the new Poet Laureate, if inclined that way.*

But there are nine more names to this department, and three are responsible for the "shoes," including the glass slippers of *Cinderella*, of which the maker is not specially named. There is an Assistant Stage Manager, and, by CLARKSON! there are wigs!! But suffice it some fifty names appear as the officers of the Pantomime Army, marching and dancing (with JOHNNIE D'AUBAN) to victory. Charming ballets; quite Original; which you mightn't expect from a *maître de ballet* whose name is "COPPI." Beginners in the art of ballet-teaching will do well to copy COPPI. Two of the comic songs are capital; both sung by HERBERT CAMPBELL; the first, "You know love it couldn't be true" (or a catch line like it), being exceptionally good.

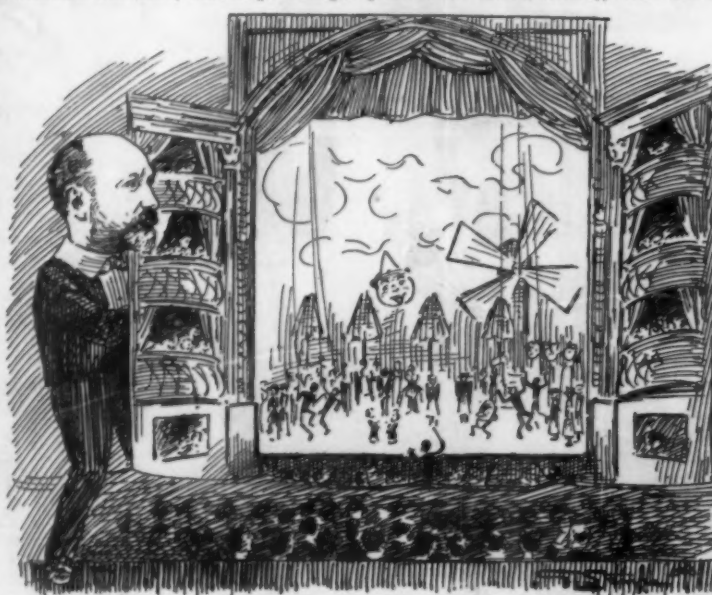
The GRIFFITHS Brothers in their wrestling match are immense. So earnest! so serious! so irresistibly comic! Of course, DAN LENO,

* *Soeñëj Häkër Brice Smith Cänëj Käitëj Schwätzër an' Rjån, Dräses bj Mäns. Äläs änd cöstümër Mäster Cünell.*

inimitable as an elderly matronly shrew, is *facile princeps* as *Cinderella's* step-mother, and supremely ridiculous. HERBERT CAMPBELL seconds him excellently: upon these two, with the Brothers GRIFFITHS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD (ordinarily a hook-nosed Hebrew villain in a melodrama, but now a comic Irish tutor with tiptilted nose, which just makes the difference), rests the fun of the pantomime; and "rests" is not the word, for the fun is always kept moving.

Really splendid is Miss ALEXANDRA DAGMAR, who as *Dandini*, the Prince's valet, tops her royal master, Prince ADA BLANCHE, considerably, and is much more of a Royal Highness, by her Royal Tallness, than is the little prince. Surely ALEXANDRA ought to have been where ADA is, and the prince should have been the valet, as "Ada and abettor." However, let us take the caste as it is, and be thankful. *Petite et pétillante d'esprit* is the representative of the French Ambassador, Miss MARGUERITE CONNELL. ISA BOWMAN is an interesting *Cinderella*, of whom the authors have not "made half enough." Poor *Cinderella* is just a bit out of it; as, by the way, she was in her kitchen.

The show begins at 7.30, and is over about 11.30. The music is graceful throughout, and Conductor GLOVER takes wonderful physical exercise in directing the orchestra; arms, hands, head, and all that is visible of him give practical illustration of the theory of perpetual motion. As much as he makes in money during his engagement, he must lose in weight. It is all good, and there are very few topical allusions, and not many political ones, thank goodness! as a Pantomime ought not to have any thing of "party" about it, always excepting "Christmas party," of which seasonable material there is in this a plentiful supply. So success to the Seventeenth Annual! *Floreat Druriolanus Minus Imperator!*



EVERY ONE'S GOOD HEALTH!

As the festive season draws to a close, when the plum of the pudding is heard of no more, when the mince-pie lingers only in the memory, when the bar's head ceases to adorn the buffet in the castle hall, when the chemist has done his best and the doctor has departed, when elderly maidens begin to regret lost opportunities afforded by now vanished mistletoe boughs, and when, by the disappearance of the sprigs of holly, the schoolboy is reminded of the rapid approach of the blossoms of the birch tree, then is the hour when the Lordly Baron solemnly bethinketh him that some change of air will be beneficial to his state of health. Opportunely he receiveth a copy of the *Fortnightly Review* for January, wherein the title of an essay, "The Climate of South Africa and its Curative Influence," attracteth his kindly regard. Of South Africa and its gold wotteth he somewhat; it needs no BARNATO to tell him this. Of the climate he hath heard, but as to its "curative influence" he hath received no information whatever. At a glance, and with half an eye, he grasps the fact that "consumption" is to be grappled with in South Africa and its baneful effects neutralised. The learned medico, ye!pt Dr. ROSSONIUS ROOSE, whose signature is to this brief but most interesting article, shows "how," "when," and "where" to go in search of recuperating the vital forces at Fraserburg, Victoria (West), Aliwal (North), and Kimberley, ranging from 4000 to 4500 feet up in air, places, alas, as far above the ordinary means of the ordinary patient as they are above the level of the sea. The benevolent doctor should tell us where the £4500 is to be obtained by the patient who would with pleasure ascend these 4500 feet!! But even if the patient obtains the ways and the means, how about the Rhodes, the CECIL RHODES? Won't the climate, just now, be a little too hot for any Englishman? So, we must wait till, first, we get the £4500—and then?

STOPPED.

THE other day, when I was down in the country, I suffered from severe toothache. I decided to come up to town the next morning, see a friend of mine, a famous dentist, and get back by the 3.30 express after lunch at my club. He is a capital fellow, as kind as he is clever, and he touches one's aching jaw with a hand as gentle as a woman's. So, rather than consult a stranger in the country, I resolved on a three hours' journey to town, to see my friend.

Having some other business to do, I started early, breakfasting very lightly and hastily at 7.30, and catching the 8.23 train after a six-mile drive in the keen, bracing air. My business delayed me a little; my friend delayed me more. He is so much occupied. When at last he was able to see me and had stopped my tooth, it was past two, and I was very hungry. "Come with me," I said, when he had taken out of my mouth his hands, his instruments, and other impediments to conversation, "and have lunch at the club. I'm ravenous."

"All right," he said. "I've half an hour; I'll come. Open your mouth once more. Wider, please. Yes, I'm rather hungry, too. Had my breakfast very early, and very little of it. But you mustn't eat anything, you know." I almost bit his hand off in my effort to shout "What?" with my mouth filled with a napkin, dentist's mirror, &c. "No," he said, "you mustn't bite anything for two hours at least, or you'll spoil all the stopping. You may have a little soup." When we got to the club I had a little soup. And when he my friend had finished, and I had indignantly waved away the tooth-picks handed to me by the waiter, there was only just time to catch the 3.30 express, which doesn't stop anywhere, and doesn't carry any provisions.

To have no teeth must be very uncomfortable, but to have plenty, and to starve, so to speak, in the midst of them, is infinitely worse.

Of the highest class, without any of the usual added sugar and alcohol. Sells leading Hotels, Clubs, and Restaurants throughout the World. Sole Consignees—Messrs. & Co., 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

LAURENT-PERRIER "SANS-SUCRE" CHAMPAGNE.

Wholesale Depot for Germany:—Aug. Engel, Wiesbaden. France:—J. & Co., 25, Rue de Champagne (Paris), and 15, Rue St. Antoine. Austria-Hungary:—Karl Schmid, Vienna.

OF ALL DEALERS.

Martell's

"Three Star"
Brandy.

BOTTLED IN COGNAC.



LIQUEUR OF THE
C^{DE}. CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has come so much into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding digestion and purifying the system, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants throughout the Kingdom. Sole Consignees, W. DOYLE, 25, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA

HOWARD
BEDFORD.

Ploughs, Harrows, Haymakers, Horse Rakes, Mowers, Straw Trussers, Fodder Presses, Oil Engines, and Portable Railway.

**HOOPING COUGH,
CROUP.**

BOOKE'S HERBAL EMULSION.
The celebrated effectual cure without inferior medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS & Son, 187, Queen Victoria Street, London. Sold by most Chemists. Price 2s. per bottle. Paris—Bisquit, 14, Rue de la Paix. New York—Foster & Co., North William Street.



This Grand Old Whiskey is a blend of the product of the most famous HIGHLAND SMALL STILLS. Sample bottle post free on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.
RICH. MATHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, MARK ST., BLOOMSBURY, W.C.
Sold by all LEADING MERCHANTS throughout INDIA and the Colonies.

ASK YOUR
Grocer & Wine Merchant
FOR THE FAMOUS
"BOS"
WHISKY
PERSE, SON & CO. LEITH & DUNELM.

A LAXATIVE, REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE, VERY AGREEABLE TO TAKE.

TAMAR
FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Loss
of Appetite, Gastric and
Intestinal Troubles,
Headache.
INDIEN
GRILLON.

London: 47, Southwark Street, S.E.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS, 2s. 6d. A BOX.

Cuticura
SOAP

The most Effective Skin
Purifying and Beautifying
Soap in the World.

The Purest, Sweetest,
and Most Refreshing
for Toilet, Bath, and
Nursery.

Sold throughout the World.
P. NEWBERRY & SONS, J., King
Edward Street, London, E.C.

EVERY HOME



is
beautified
by Photographs and
Photographs after
Coloured
PICTURES.

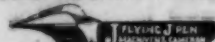
Illustrated Catalogue 1/-

125, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS

"They come in a horn and a blessing to men,
The Plover, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."

THE FLYING J PEN.



2s. and 1s. per Box at all Stationers.
Sample Box 1s. 6d. by post.
Waverley Works, EDINBURGH.

**"Beautifully Cool
and Sweet Smoking."**



Sold only in Loose Packets and 2, 4, and 8-ounce, and 1-lb. Tins,
which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition. Ask at all Tobacco
Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES,

In Packets and Tins only, containing 10, 25, 50, and 100.

THE
BORDER BLEND
WHISKY.

40/-, 44/-, 52/-, Net Cash. Delivered Free.
Bottles and cases included, except in 4 and 6-gallon casks.
A blend of the very finest old Highland Whisky of
Scott and delicate in flavor.

HOPE & BENDLE,
10, Regent Street, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1
Cardiff and Glasgow.



**WELCOME ALWAYS,
KEEP IT HANDY,
GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY.**
DELICIOUS—COMFORTING.

Ask for GRANT'S, and don't be put off with
inferior makes.

**THE SWAN
FOUNTAIN
PEN.**

Manufactured in three sizes at

10/6, 16/6, & 25/-

"LADY HENRY SOMERSET"

has much pleasure in stating that,
after trying many pens by various
makers, she has found none so
thoroughly satisfactory as the SWAN
FOUNTAIN PEN of Messrs. MANS,
TODD, and BARD. This pen is in-
valuable to her, and she has found
that its use greatly facilitates her
work. (Signed)

"ISABEL SOMERSET."

We only require your steel pen and
handwriting to select a suitable pen.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue sent post
free on application.

MANS, TODD, & BARD,

93, Cheapside, E.C.3;
or, 95a, Regent Street, W.

'K'
BOOTS.

COLD MEDAL,

*Health Exhibition,
London.*

"Benger's Food
has by its excellence
established a reputa-
tion of its own."

Brit. Med. Journ.

BENGER'S FOOD
For Infants
Invalids and the Aged

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

"Retained when
all other foods are
rejected. It is in-
valuable."

*London Medical
Record.*

HUGON'S

INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD. *Keeps sweet Raw Suet,
Lard, and Cooking Butter, for Puddings, Mince-meat, Cakes, Pie-
Crusts, Frying and Cooking. It is made from best Irish English Beef
Suet only. Saves trouble of Chopping. Always ready for use. One
pound goes as far as two pounds of raw suet. It is always sweet.*

*Wholesome. — Dr. G. R. F. A. N. S. —
Bourne.*

*Of all Grocers and Provision Dealers. On receipt of 6d. (stamps)
a sample 1-lb. box will be forwarded, or address of nearest retailer
will be sent on application to the Sole Manufacturers—*

HUGON & CO., Ltd., Pendleton, Manchester.

BEEF SUET

Enjoyed by Young and Old.

**BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER**

Provides not only delicious Custard, but an endless
variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE!

ESTABLISHED 1864.

**Needham's
Polishing
Paste**

The most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly polishing
Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Flatiron, &c. Sold everywhere.

Sole Manufacturers:

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.

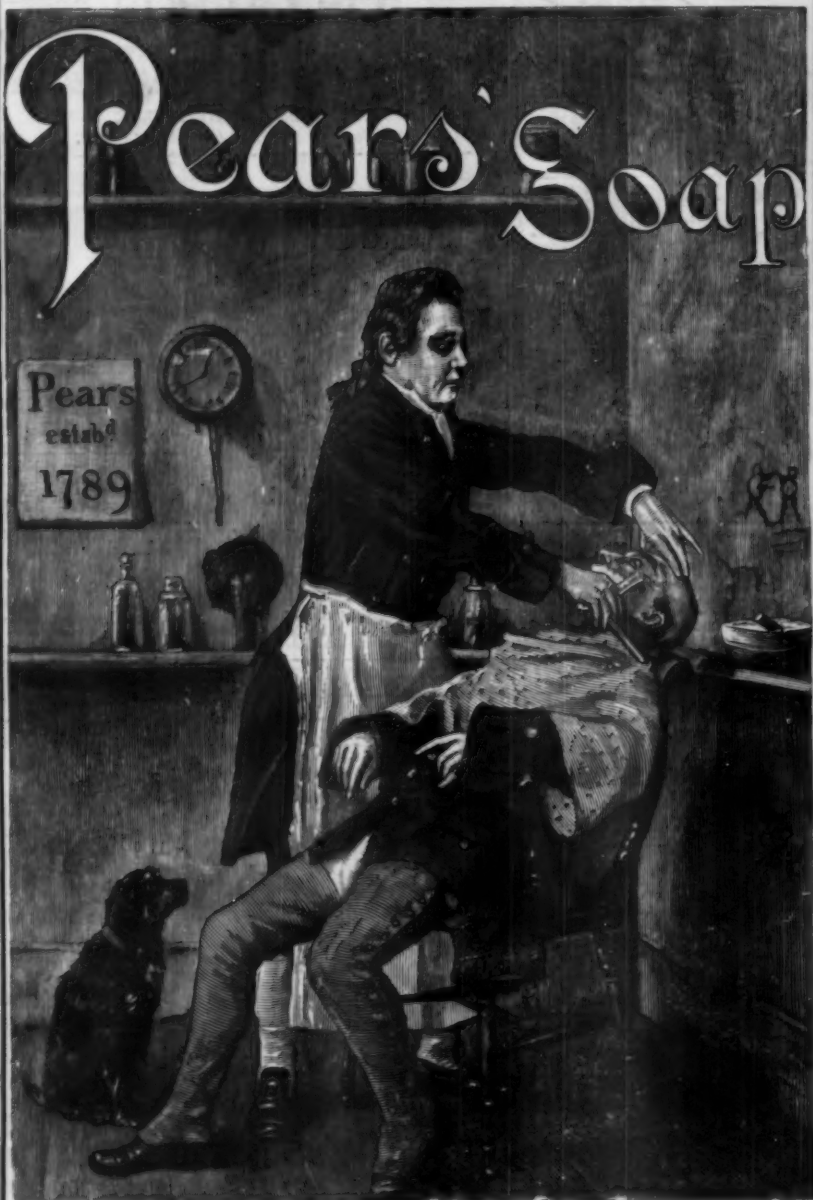
London Office: 81, George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

**C. Brandauer & Co's
Circular-Pointed Pens.**

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



These
Series of
Pens Write as
Smoothly as a
Lead Pencil. Neither
Scratch nor Spurt, the
points being rounded by a
special process. Assorted
Sample Box for 7 stamps from the
Works, **BIRMINGHAM.**



"100 YEARS AGO."

PEARS' SOAP in use 100 years ago and still the best to-day.

"Represents the
standard of highest
purity at present
attainable."

Lancet.

Cadbury's
• cocoa •

NO ALKALIES USED
(as in many of the so-
called "pure" Foreign
Cocoas).